

The Horse.

RACE MEETINGS IN MICHIGAN.

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A SINGULAR DECISION.

The last issue of the *Breeder's Gazette* contains some correspondence between a breeder of Cleveland Bay horses and the American Society which is worthy of the attention of breeders generally. We publish it so our readers can understand the methods of the Society in dealing with stock bred from recorded horses, especially as they are radically different from those adopted by any other Society which publishes a record for pure bred stock.

THE COLOR LINE IN CLEVELAND BAYS.

Herein please find a letter which I wish you to preserve after you give the contents to your readers, and add that in February, 1888, I concluded to raise a Cleveland Bay stallion, so I set out, after looking over all your advertisements, to buy a mare. After looking over a great many I found one that suited me at the stables of Messrs. George E. Brown & Co., Aurora, Ill. The mare selected was Vivian B, seven years old, price paid \$750. Mr. Brown informed me that she was second at the Illinois State Fair, also second at the National Horse Show in Chicago, and as one of a team first at both places, so I flattered myself that I had made a good selection. She was in foal to Mr. Brown's gold medal horse, Gloster 26, and dropped a fine bay horse colt, without white. As there was no Cleveland Bay horse in this locality I wrote Mr. Brown and also Sterlcker Brothers of Springfield, Ill., to see if they had ever sold a horse that was good enough to breed such a mare to, and the nearest one I found was at Plainfield, Ind., some 200 miles distant. Mr. Sterlcker informed me that they sold the horse to Burgess Brothers and he was very well bred indeed, so I shipped the mare to him. The produce was a chestnut filly colt. I wrote to Mr. Sterlcker, and as the rules of the Society prohibit the registration of anything but a bay I asked him if he could not be registered as a producer. This letter is the answer:

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Dec. 3, 1889.—Secretary's Office, Cleveland Bay Society of America.—Messrs. George E. Brown & Co., Aurora, Ind. Yours of the 1st inst. received. In answer would say that our society agreed unanimously that your colt could not be accepted for registry—either could any of its produce, even though they should be bay. I am sorry, but I had the matter fully discussed. We have a rule which forbids anything but bays or browns (mahogany bays) from registry.

R. P. STERLCKER, Sec'y.

Well, the rules of the Cleveland Bay Society of America say a filly with three top crosses, or a horse with four top crosses, can be registered. This filly has twice as many top crosses as the society requires, still none of her produce can be registered.

I do not wish to cast any reflections on either Mr. Brown or Mr. Sterlcker, for they both treated me very kindly; but how they could have gone unanimously with the rest of the society after one had sold me the mare and the other recommended the stallion to breed her to, I cannot imagine.

GEORGE AGNIEL.

REMARKS BY THE GAZETTE.

There can be no question as to the fact that there is much of the blood of the thoroughbred in the Cleveland Bay horses of Great Britain and America, as they have been bred for many years past, and every body knows that the chestnut color is of frequent occurrence among thoroughbreds; consequently it is not at all surprising that a chestnut colt should occasionally be dropped from ancestors recorded in the Cleveland Bay Stud Book of America; neither is it any reflection upon the integrity of the breeders that such should be the case. As to the wisdom of the regulations prohibiting the registration of chestnut bays or browns in the Cleveland Bay Stud Book of America, we have no desire to express an opinion otherwise than to say that if it was the intention of the originators of this Society to fix the bay and brown color firmly in the breed, then the action is a wise one. But this action on the part of the American Society does not by any means establish the fact that bays or browns are more purely bred than chestnuts.

Just consider the situation of Messrs. Agniel & Co. They purchase a registered mare. Bred to a registered horse she produces a bay colt. Then under the advice of the Sterlcker Brothers they breed to a stallion when they had once owned and sold as a pure bred, also recorded. The produce, being a chestnut, is thrown out as a Cleveland Bay. Now is it any the less a Cleveland Bay than the first colt, which was eligible because it was a bay? Think of Sterlcker writing as an importer and recommending a horse he had sold, and then as Secretary writing that the produce from a recorded mare was not eligible to registry! Now, why should not the producers of this chestnut horse be thrown out? And have the Messrs. Agniel no redress in such case?

NOTES AND QUERIES.

PAY PAID, June 1, 1890.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Certain parties are traveling Van Buren Co. with a horse, claiming him to be a well bred trotting horse, second to none. Still they have a place or separate stand for each day of the week, insuring farmers living colts at \$10 each—a ten year old horse at that. In one announcement he is called Brown Chief Jr., by Brown Chief 1145; in another announcement he is said to be by Brown Chief 1415. In a recent issue of the FARMER, in answer to a letter correspondent, you say "Brown Chief 445 is standard." After carefully looking over the American Trotting Register at different times I fail to find where there is such a horse as Brown Chief 445, numbered or catalogued as non-standard. I supposed the American Register, issued by Wallace, was the only accepted authority issued. Am I right or not? If it is right it is not about time that this idea of parties misrepresenting the breeding of a stock horse or any kind was put a stop to, not only by being able to collect any fees for services, but by being made to suffer the full penalty of the law as provided by the statutes of Michigan.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.

We are glad "Old Subscriber" called attention to the pedigree of Brown Chief as published in the FARMER, for by a typographical error, which was not noticed until his letter was received, the item regarding this horse was incorrectly given. Brown Chief's

number is 445, not 445. One of the four was dropped out. Perhaps the compositor thought there were too many. The pedigree as given is correct according to Wallace's Register—see Vol. 6, page 81. He is always in the first Volume of the Register.

As to the horse our correspondent refers to as traveling in that section, we know nothing of him. He might be a son of Brown Chief, but we doubt it, or the owner would not have to change so often. The law makes the owner of a stallion liable in damages to the owners of mares if his breeding is misrepresented. And, as a matter of business prudence, why should a stranger with an unknown horse secure patronage from sensible men, when well bred animals, with reputable citizens endorsing them, may be had at a low service fee? It is more important in the stock business than any other to do business with honorable men—men you know to be reliable, and who cannot afford to misrepresent or deceive. It is poor economy to save a few dollars and lose four times the amount.

Surfeit and Horses.

Surfeit is that eruption of the skin which shows itself in the form of numerous small scabs, matting the hair, and chiefly met with on the loins and quarters. Until lately this disease has been considered an indication of disorder in the blood, in fact, an expression of some form of indigestion. But the researches of microscopists, in similar diseases that have attacked the human system, lead us to conclude that the disease is really the effect of the implantation of aptic microbes upon the body of the animal. In short, it is what we call a "dirt disease."

The dock-tracks of horses are almost invariably filled with flux-seed, the idea being that the oil of the seed will keep the strap supple. It can be seen if a harness were used continuously by horses that were sweating freely that fermentation will arise in the seed, leading to putrefaction therein, which will, sooner or later, extend to the leather itself. It can also be seen that harnesses frequently used, and not properly cleaned, hung up for some time and allowed to get mouldy, would also have a tendency to putrefy, this putrefaction being less or greater in proportion to the amount of tannin that had been sweated out of the straps of the harness.

I have seen at the tracks instances where this disease had gone through whole stables, starting possibly from some one harness, and being communicated by it to other animals, or by the use in common of the same curry-comb and brush.

I had a horse trained last summer upon which this disease broke out within three or four days from the time he went to the track, and at the end of three or four weeks he was returned to me with open sores beneath the tail, and with the buttocks and flanks completely covered with dry wet eruptions. Having a bottle of iodine and an old tooth-brush at hand, I applied the iodine with the brush and rubbed it in thoroughly on all the hard and other spots that were not too raw, taking pains that the liquid should get under the scab. To the raw space beneath the tail I applied powdered burnt alum. The complaint yielded immediately to these applications, and in a week's time scarcely a vestige of it was left. This is the worst case by far that I ever saw. The spot beneath the tail was particularly raw, and the gums insisted that I was caused by a short back-slap; but I found on inquiry, as I supposed, that the back-slap hadn't been on for over three weeks, having been removed immediately upon the breaking out of the sores.

At the same time that this occurred, a friend of mine, owning one of the fastest horses in the State, had turned his horse to grass, under instructions from a veterinary, and was treating it in the old-fashioned way with Fowler's Solution of Arsenic, etc., a treatment which is no doubt efficacious, but being based upon the theory that the patient can stand more arsenic than the septic microbes that is preying upon him. The result

LEADS
CHICAGO.
TUMORS cured. No knife. Private hospital.
Cancer book free. 20 yrs. Buffalo, N. Y.
L. D. McMichael, M.D., removed
to 380 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Poetry.

WHEN.

When we have met again beyond the border,
And known each other in a newer guise,
Will we be reconciled to that new order,
Or feel the wonder of a sad surprise?
Will we be glad or sorry at the meeting?
Will old misunderstandings slip away?
Or will we in that strange time of greeting
Feel cold and strange, as we felt yesterday?

For I have heard it said that in the ether
Land all who are very different from this,
That those who in this world loved one another
No longer think that meeting there is bliss.
That those who in this world were then no longer
To be renewed, unless we feel their worth.
That spiritual affinities are stronger
Than most of those we form upon the earth.

Yet if I cannot meet the spirit faces
Of those I loved on earth, those I called mine,
The splendor of the universal places
Will pale on me, and my sad soul will pine.
For though I might behold the hills of Beulah
Ere long, I cannot see the emerald sea,
Though I have made of Jasper lands the ruler
Within the gates of pearl-wrought mystery.

Yet would I give all these for sight of tender
Eyes I have seen, and sound of voices sweet,
Nor memories of earth life could surrender,
Since without these Heaven would be incomplete.

For there are some who could forego the glory
Of Heaven's rest, if others could not share
Its peaceful bliss, and God, who knows the story,
Will have this suffering in His tender care.

So I feel sure, when we have crossed the border,
And taken on the new ethereal powers,
That we will be amazed at all the order
Exceeding the sublimest dreams of ours.
And we will surely see the much-loved faces
Dear and familiar in that meeting time,
Yet made more fair with new celestial graces
And radiant with an un fading prime.

—American Cultivator.

LOVES LOGIC.

I am a woman, and I love you, yet
I'm not a thing of changing smiles and tears;
Or pretty wiles, alternate hopes, and fears,
To weep when you are harsh, and then forget
And laugh my grief away when your brow's
Tempest clears.

I am a woman, and I love you, though
'Tis not because you seek me, nor because
Your eyes command me when your voice makes
pause;

'Tis because you revealed yourself to me: I know
That you're a true nature free from flaws.

I am a woman, but my love means not
Submission to some other mind's control,
Surrender of my body and my soul.
The love I give to you I give unthought,
Since loving you makes my half-life whole.

Miscellaneous.

A STORY OF EARLY DAYS IN MICHIGAN.

BY J. E. HALL.

Early in the spring of 1828, while Southern Michigan was still a wilderness, as much of Northern Michigan still is, a family named Gardner, urged by letters from friends already settled there, and hoping to secure better opportunities for their children, sold their little rocky, barren New Hampshire farm, and moved, with their large family of growing boys and girls, to the new country. Michigan, which under the good management of General Lewis Cass, then Governor of the Territory, had recently been opened up to settlement. The stories of impassable swamps, infested by rattlesnakes and massasaugas, of savages and wolves, of musketoes and malaria, carried back to the East by the survivors, (who, to judge by their report, must have had a very hard time of it), had begun to be supplanted by the more reliable reports of actual settlers. Their letters to their friends at the East told of the magnificent hard-wood forests of the fertile soil and mild climate, of the ease and rapidity with which the oak openings could be cleared and made ready for farming, and of the wonderful opportunities opening in every direction to young men, cramped by the conditions of life in the more thickly settled communities of the East.

Immigration set in strongly. Already on the Mazon, the Raisin, and other streams, appeared the beginnings of future towns, the saw-mill, the flouring-mill, the general store, the simple church and schoolhouse; while here and there, in the beautiful, park-like oak openings, might be seen the tastefully built shanty or more substantial log house of the settler, surrounded by his rough clearing, where the first scanty crops did their best to grow among the stumps, or even among the unfelled trees, killed by girdling.

The Indians, having been fairly paid for their lands, left the new-comers in peaceable possession. Now and then a settler, chopping in the woods, would be greeted by a former lord of the soil with a courteous "Bon jour, Monsieur," and replying with his very best manners to the dignified salutation, would watch admiringly as the dusky form, straight as an arrow, passed on among the trees, and out of sight. Sometimes a little company of squaws would stop at a shanty door to exchange berries or bead-work for salt pork, which in their broken English they called "hoggy meat."

But even this friendly intercourse had almost ceased, the Indians retreating rapidly before the white men to the still unbroken forest further north. The larger game, also, was fast disappearing; though still a deer occasionally bounded across the path, or children, returning late from school, would be frightened by a solitary wolf, or in the night, an excited knocking at their cabin doors would summon the neighbors to rescue some poor man's pig from a marauding bear.

Such was Michigan when the Gardners landed in Detroit from the little steamer Superior, and adding there, to the stores they had brought with them, whatever else they needed for their simple housekeeping, set out along the State road, in a canvas-covered wagon drawn by oxen, to join their friends in the interior, and to make there for themselves a new home.

It was a happy and hopeful little company which thus took up their march for the "promised land." Besides father and mother Gardner, with their four sturdy sons and three blooming little daughters,

there was also Katherine Barclay, a young woman of twenty, who came with them from New Hampshire as maid of all work, or as "hired girl," and two young men who had joined them upon the canal boat, whose sun-burned faces and toll-hardened hands bore such unmistakable marks of honest purpose and of steady industry, that the Gardners, with the simple-minded confidence of the times, accepted them at once without further recommendation.

Katherine was an orphan, who, since the death of her parents, had earned an honest living by "working out" in the families of neighboring farmers, and he understood, not in the least compromising her social position thereby.

She was a bright, pretty girl, and the winter before had been the flattered recipient of "particular attentions" from the beau of the country neighborhood, one of those handsome, unprincipled, happy-go-lucky ne'er-do-weels, who I suppose have infested society of all grades from the beginning of time, and who, for some unaccountable reason, are always so attractive to young women. Pleased with Katherine's blooming face and buoyant, lively manners, he had "played her off" against the only daughter of a wealthy farmer, who had shown a disposition to coquette with him a little, thus provoking him to retaliate by appearing to be interested in another direction. Less fortunately for herself than for Katherine this young lady was finally persuaded to marry the young rascal.

It is probably impossible for a strong healthy girl, with unimpaired digestion, and plenty of work to occupy her mind, to pine away to any great extent over a love affair. Nevertheless, to a girl of Katherine's pride, this sudden and obvious desertion was very mortifying. She was very glad, therefore, when the Gardners' offer to take her with them, paying her passage money in consideration of her services upon the way, opened to her a way of escape from prying eyes and busy tongues.

To the home-bred girl, the whole journey, from the time she began to prepare for it, was a delightfully exciting experience. And there is no reason for this, for the pleasure was in any way diminished by the addition to the party of the two young men who joined them upon the canal-boat.

Katherine was too innocent and inexperienced, perhaps some would say, too green, to be suspicious of strangers, and happily in this case there was no occasion for suspicion. James West and Phillip Hunt were excellent specimens of the class of men who at that time came to the West as settlers. Honest-hearted, hard-handed and intelligent, with such education as any quick-minded Yankee boy might acquire during the winter months at the district school, supplemented by home study, and by reading every thing within their reach, including the Bible and the newspapers, they had minds of their own upon all questions of the day, of religion and of politics. They were the sort of men who laid, broad and deep, the foundations of the prosperity of Michigan.

Many an hour of the long tedious journey the little party of adventurers whiled away talking over their plans and prospects, confiding to each other freely the extent of their means, and their hopes for the future.

But it was soon noticed that James West and Katherine seemed to have some confidences which they were unwilling to share with the others. They found that talk about, when they drew their chairs apart from the others, or sat together upon the farther end of a bench, did not know. But I do not believe their conversation would have been very interesting to anyone but themselves, had any chance to overhear it. I suppose they talked sometimes of the past, and of the friends they had left behind; but I think most of their conversation must have been of the future, of the new country to which they were going, and of all they expected to do there. I think it likely the young man dwelt frequently upon the fine farm and snug farm-house he expected to own by-and-by, when the timber should have been cleared off, and the land should have begun to yield its increase. And I have no doubt Katherine listened with interest and sympathy. What else they may have talked about, I cannot even guess, but I know upon good authority that they sat together upon the end of the bench very often, and took time enough, one would have thought, to have settled the affairs of the whole nation.

But even a journey on a canal-boat comes to an end at last; and one fine morning the Superior steamed out of Buffalo with the Gardners and their party on board, and landed them in due time in Detroit, in a little more than a village. After a day or two spent there in preparations, they all set out together on their journey through the woods, sometimes riding in the wagon, sometimes walking beside the slow ox team, smoking out of doors, camping at night, or finding shelter with some hospitable settler; they made holiday of it, and laughed at the hardships of the way. Nevertheless they were glad enough when one evening just at sunset, the oxen were brought to a stop before a little, one-roomed log house, standing among the stumps of a good-sized clearing, green with winter wheat, and the long journey was ended.

Out came the good people of the house to meet them, extending a hearty welcome to all, while bashful children hung back within the door, their faces broad with smiles at sight of the little girls.

The plain, substantial supper was soon disposed of, and a merry evening followed. At nine o'clock, at a hint from their host, the men modestly retired to the barn, while the women made all haste to dispose of themselves and the children in the beds ranged around the wall. When all were snugly tucked in, the men returned, lights were soon out, and all asleep.

We will pass rapidly over the events of the next few months, not stopping to relate at length how Mr. Gardner bought an eighty-acre mile from his friends (thus securing the advantage of near neighbors), built a shanty upon it, and moved his family thither. How James and Phillip bought adjoining quarter sections in the next county, and then sought and found employment with neighboring farmers for the summer in order to earn something to live upon the next winter, while clearing their land.

There is much of interest that might be told of that first summer in Michigan, but we will leave it for some other time, and

take up the thread of our story again upon a warm bright afternoon in the latter part of the following September, when Mrs. Gardner, going to the door to look for Katherine, who had been missing for some time, saw her at a log beside James West, in earnest conversation.

"I am afraid," said the good lady to her eldest daughter, as she turned away, "that we are going to lose our hired girl." And nothing seemed more likely. The young people sat a long time, so long that Mrs. Gardner considerably began the preparations for supper herself, and when it was ready sent one of the little girls to call them in. At the supper-table James told his story, how he and Phillip, having finished their summer work, had begun to build a big house, which they intended to occupy together. How they slept in their wagon, and cooked out of doors. How unaccountably bad luck they had with their cooking, and how lonely it was in the woods, where they saw only each other for days at a time, and had not even the comfort of a back-woods home. How at last, when the walls were laid up, all ready for the roof and flooring, he had said to Phillip, "I can't stand this any longer, it is too lonesome. I'm going to take the team and go after Katherine. You can borrow Deacon Allen's team to draw the lumber to finish up with, and get the Deacon and his boys to help you. I shall be back by the time the roof is on and the floor laid, and bring Katherine with me if she'll come."

And if Katherine had any objections to this sudden settlement of her plans, evidently James found arguments to overrule them. For, shortly after her reappearance in the neighborhood, invitations were sent out to all the neighbors for ten miles around to attend a wedding at the Gardners. You are not to suppose from this that it was to be a large party, for when, upon the appointed day, the company gathered in Mrs. Gardner's little room, although nobody had sent regrets, and everybody had brought their children, there was plenty of room for all.

There was no newspaper in that part of the world to "chronicle the most brilliant social event of the season," but every good woman there was a "special reporter," whose kindly curiosity nothing escaped, and whose busy tongue made known every detail of Katherine's "settin' out," and what Mrs. Gardner had for the wedding supper, to the farthest limits of her acquaintance. And so, as the affair was some talked of at the time, and was still often referred to within their remembrance as the first wedding in that part of Michigan, you can rely upon what I say when I tell you that the bride wore an embroidered white dress which she had brought with her from the East, that she had had wonderfully good luck in "doing it up" nicely for the occasion, (so all the women agreed), and looked as fresh and sweet in it as a wild rose in the woods.

Tradition assures us also that the groom, though his awkwardness and embarrassment were only equalled by the booming happiness with which he regarded his bride, managed to get through the ceremony without any mistakes (which must have been a great relief to everybody), that the supper was a great success, in short, that all went as merrily as it should at a wedding, and that they all kissed the bride good-bye, and started for home in good season.

The next morning at sunrise, the ox-cart was driven to the door, Katherine's little trunk, with the chest of household stuff which was all her inheritance from her parents, were lifted into the back end of it, and the young couple, bidding their friends good-bye, set out together for their new home, (new in the complete sense of the word), with no curious eyes of amused fellow-passengers to spy upon their love-making or to mark their awkwardness in their new relation.

Down the forest road they went, walking together beside the lumbering oxen, for Katherine preferred a walk in the crisp, fresh air of the autumn morning, to the jolting of the ox-cart over the rough, new road.

Already the glossy green of the oaks was giving place to russet brown and dull crimson, while here and there their sober hues were lighted up by a sudden gleam of hickory, or a flame of scarlet maple, or blood-red sumac. Across the shady path the morning sun threw great patches of sunlight, while the rabbits scudded out of the way, and the quireless chatter at them from the overhanging boughs, as well as at another pair of Michigan robins (hardly more primitive in appearance than these when

"Hark in hand they were together
Through the woodland and the meadow,"
yet to how different a destiny. They, the representatives of a people who have exemplified the saying:

"From him that hath not shall be taken
away even that which he hath."

These, the advance guards of a great civilization, the pioneers of a mighty race, moving forward to the sovereignty of the western world, in obedience to the primitive command to man to "subdue the earth," as a condition of possessing it.

At noon they stopped to rest beside a little brook that talked playfully to itself in an undertone, as it flowed leisurely along over its gravelly bottom, as is the manner of Michigan brooks, and here James brought out from the cart a bundle of hay for the oxen, while Katherine drew from under the seat a basket well filled with the remains of yesterday's feast.

Dinner over, and the team well rested, they set out again, and this time Katherine was willing to take her seat, even in the jolting ox-cart. But now a change had come over the weather. The sunshine no longer found its way down through the branches of the over-arching trees to brighten the road beneath. The wind came up, the forest darkened around them and grew cold and gloomy. Now and then a vivid flash of lightning startled them, and the low rumble of thunder proclaimed the coming shower. James hastened his team as much as possible, but the clumsy animals could make no great speed under the most favorable circumstances, and when their way left the road, they lay for the remainder of the distance through the unbroken openings, he found that it required all his skill to guide them, and all his wits to find the way.

A little farther on a few great drops came pattering down through the leaves, an earnest of what was to follow. They hastened on. Again a flash of lightning, followed by a loud peal of thunder and a dash of rain,

Katherine prudently turned the corner of her shawl up over her best bonnet, and James urged the oxen into an awkward trot. Soon they came in sight of a wide, shallow brook, skirting the edge of a small clearing, in the center of which stood a new log house, roofless. And now, a little way off among the trees, another ox-team was seen approaching, drawing a load of lumber, and like themselves making for the clearing as fast as circumstances will permit. "I declare!" exclaimed James, in dismay, "if it isn't Phillip; what has he been about, I wonder, that he hasn't got the house finished?" And Phillip, sure enough, it was, who until the day before had not been able to borrow a team, and had thus been delayed in his house-building. Upon catching sight of the bride party, he urged his team to their greatest speed, evidently wishing to reach home first, and provide some kind of shelter for the bride. And now, flash after flash of blinding lightning, peal after peal of deafening thunder, crashed and echoed through the forest as if the ancient spirits of the place had brought out their heavy artillery home to do honor to the home-coming of these new sovereigns of the soil. Splash! splash! went Phillip's team through the brook, splash! spatter! splash! came James and Katherine after, and in the midst of another tremendous crash and war of artillery of nature, Katherine leaped from the cart without assistance, sprang through the doorway and rushed to a sheltering corner over which the men were already throwing boards to form a temporary roof. Finding a chest pushed up closely into the corner, she hastily threw up the cover, and without waiting to examine its contents, deposited therein the precious best bonnet as the only safe place available. Then, slamming down the cover with a bang, she drew her shawl up over her head, and seated herself upon it.

The rain now came down in a perfect deluge, but the corner chosen for their refuge, being of course to the windward, afforded, with its hastily constructed roof, a very good shelter, and the men having freed the cattle from their yoke, and turned the cart over Katherine's household stuff, were glad at least to seek its protection. They lighted a fire upon the ground, dried their wet clothes as well as they could, and then Phillip, first, and his companions to rise from their seat upon the chest, opened it, and with a look of comical surprise, drew therefrom a large frying-pan, in which, safe and dry, and fortunately unimpaired by the other contents of the chest, lay Katherine's bonnet. With much laughter and merry jokes at the expense of its owner, another place was found for the troublesome head-gear. And Phillip, rummaging again in the chest, brought out a piece of salt pork, some corn-meal and a few dishes, and set about getting supper.

The thunder and lightning had ceased, the wind had gone down, and the rain had settled into a steady drip, drip, drip, now and then finding its way through the boards, and coming down with a splash into somebody's face, or into the fire, scattering the ashes over the Johnny-cake, as it baked before it, or setting the fat to spluttering in the spider.

A strange home-coming, and a plain supper for a bride, do you think? And yet a merrier party it would have been hard to find than the three young people gathered about the camp fire under their rude shelter that rainy autumn night. And as for the supper, with health and hunger for sauce, and romance and novelty for spice, fried pork and Johnny-cake baked in the ashes will make a meal a millionaire might envy, while no make that money can buy is so exhilarating as youth and happiness, and bright hopes for the future.

And were those hopes realized? Ah! life is bitter-sweet at best, and who can tell? I only know that in my time, the little log house had already become a tradition of the past, while in its place stood a snug white farm-house, with vine-covered porch and green blinds, and shady yard in front, gay with flower beds. A little farther on, another house much like it belonged to Phillip Hunt; while the little clearing had broadened into two fine farms, where wheat fields waved, and corn-fields rustled, where sheep and cattle grazed in the rich meadows, where great fields of red clover scented the summer air, and spreading orchards ripened their fair fruit in the autumn sunshine.

Avast! Has its Penalties.

I heard of a close-listed old fellow in a town in Lincoln county who one day went to a blacksmith's shop in his neighborhood to get a handle welded on to the blade of an old-fashioned broken-over shovel. Said he to the wielder of the sledge, "You jest mind that ere whilst I'm gone down to the corner with this pair o' yellins, 'n' I'll get it when I cum back'er-long."

The smith mended the shovel and left it standing against his anvil. When the owner came back he stopped the "yellins" and entered the shop.

"Wall," said he, "how much is to pay on that ere little job?"

"Six cents," was the reply.

The old fellow stood for a full minute with his head bowed forward and his eyes on the floor. Then he spoke, "I'm sorry I hed it done."

"All right," said the blacksmith, "that's easily remedied," and he raised his hammer and struck the iron a clip and unclipped it.

"There," said he, "it's all right now."

This time the old gentleman dropped his head and looked at the floor for full five minutes, at the end of which he said solemnly, "I'm sorry you did that."

"Well, you was sorry it was done and now it is just as it was when you brought it here," was the reply.

"I can't kerry that home that way," said the owner of the article. "The folks want to use it. I guess you'll hev to weld it again."

"All right," said the other, and in two minutes the work was done again. "Wall, what's to pay on it now?"

"Eighteen cents," was the reply. "Six for mending it the first time, six for unwelding it, and six for welding it again."

The bill was paid without a word, and the shovel was carried home to the "wimmen folks."

The peculiar combination, proportion and preparation of Hood's Sarsaparilla make this medicine different from others and superior to them all in active curative power. Sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

NOT THE DUDE HE LOOKED.

At 9 o'clock one September evening in 1876 I took the coach which left Custer City—or Custer village, for the town consisted of twenty or thirty log structures—to go to Sidney, Neb. A coach I suppose it should be called, though on the plains this vehicle, which has the driver's seat on the same level as the passenger's seats, is called a "hack."

I had gone to the "Hills" to engage in mining, but after four months of prospecting had decided to open a general supply store at the new town of Deadwood, and was on my way to Omaha to purchase goods for the venture.

A tin lamp, fastened to one corner of the "hack," discovered to me two passengers within as I entered and took my seat. One was an old gentleman; apparently weak and ill, for although it was not a cold night, he was muffled in a coarse, heavy water overcoat. Moreover, such of his face as I could see between a gray beard, which almost covered it, and the rim of a slouch hat was pale and thin, and the eyes looked sunken and unnatural. At least so they struck me at a cursory glance.

The other passenger was a young fellow of twenty-two or twenty-three years, I judged, decidedly dandied in his dress for that region. He wore a stiff hat and a stand-up collar encircled by a neat tie, and had on a dark suit, evidently custom made, which was an unusual "get-up" for that region, for the only person I had seen about the mining towns dressed in anything like that fashion were gamblers, a class of men I had made it a point to avoid.

Just before setting out the driver came to the side of the vehicle, thrust in a light Winchester carbine and placed it between my knees.

"I see you didn't have no gun," said he, "an' I keep a couple of extras ones fer sech."

That was all. No further explanation was necessary in those days.

I took charge of the weapon, although I was a little expert in its use as I was in handling the Smith & Wesson in my hip-pocket, which, indeed, I had never yet discharged.

I knew enough of life in the mines to know that the "bad man with a gun" is usually the man who gets into difficulty rather than the peaceful and unarmed citizen; but a stage ride from Custer to Sidney at that time was a trip not altogether likely to be without its adventures, and for once I regretted my unfamiliarity with "shooting irons."

It occurred to me that if we were "jumped by road agents," as the phrase went, the free-booters of the route would have little to fear from the occupants of the hack, whether they got much money or not. There were usually valuables of some sort in the iron box under the driver's seat.

The young man who sat opposite me had a carbine across his lap, but I fancied he knew even less of its use than I did. As we started he sat, without noticing me, twirling a slight moustache and humming a tune. "A fine gambler, if one at all," I said to myself upon a second look at him.

The old man had no arms in sight. The driver, no doubt, regarded him as out of the night in any event.

As we rolled on up into Buffalo Gap I had a few words of conversation with my companions. I learned that the elder was an Iowa farmer, who had come out to see what he could do in the new mines, but he had been ill with mountain fever, and afterward attacked by rheumatism, so that he had been forced to abandon his projects and return to the east. He spoke freely and in the English of the western men.

The young fellow said he was from New York. "Neh Yawk," he pronounced it. He was, he said, a student of mining engineering, but he did not mention what his business had been in that region; but that was not strange, for we could not talk much. A jolting stage bowling over a rough country at eight miles an hour does not give the best opportunity for conversation.

I soon became sleepy, and leaning back in my corner, took such momentary cat-naps as the nature of the road permitted. At 11 o'clock we made a brief halt at a temporary stage station, where the driver's four-hand team were exchanged for fresh horses.

I peeped out and got a glimpse of the teams, of two men with lanterns, of a low structure of sod or adobe faintly outlined, and of the black side of a pine-covered mountain beyond. The night was quite dark, with floating clouds and no moon. It became somewhat lighter as we passed out of the gap a little later, as I noted through a crack in the "diap" opposite.

The road was now smoother, and I settled back in my corner, as my companions had done, to get a little solid sleep if possible. I dozed off for a time, but was awakened by the growling of the old man beside me. He seemed to be in great pain, and writhed about nervously. I asked him what was the trouble. He replied that his rheumatism was nearly killing him.

"I wish the driver'd let me out when we get 't' the next creek. He'll water likely. 'n' I've just got 't' stretch my legs or die. Ye see I'm troubled with cramp rheumatism, an' ain't 'n' no room in hyer to git the cramp out o' my legs."

I told him I would speak to the driver when we halted, a few minutes later, at the bank of a stream—White river, I believe. I thrust my head out of the side and asked the old gentleman might be let out for a moment to stretch his legs.

"All right," said the driver as he clambered down from his own seat, "I'm 'goin' ter let the horses take a pull at 'n' drink."

I then helped the old man to dismount, steadying him by the arm as he got down. He seemed to have a good deal of difficulty in alighting, and groaned in a most lugubrious fashion. The flap swung to after him, and I had unbuttoned it all around to let him out. The young man opposite me lay curled up on his seat, but I could see that his eyes were wide open, and that he was eyeing me with a sharp, keen glance. My eyes probably responded when they fell upon him, for he straightened up in an alert fashion and leaned toward me.

"Say," he whispered, "do you think that old chap's all right? Strikes me that growling of his was put on. What 'd' you think?"

The question started me no less than to make follow's manner, and I was about to know some reply when a gun or pistol shot rang in our ears, followed by a yell either of pain or surprise, and a lurch of the hack threw me forward against my companion's knees.

Either the shot or the yell had startled our team, and we went down the bank and into the stream with a lunge. I heard shots—one, two, three—as we splashed through the water. Then more yells, loud and fierce.

My notion of what had happened or was happening was confused for a moment, and then I saw my comrade—for the light still burned—crawling through to the driver's seat as we went careening up the opposite bank.

A second later he had gathered the lines, which were tied in front, and while he held them with one hand he grasped a rib of the hack with the other. Then he glanced back.

Luckily the horses, which were going at a gallop—they were animals which needed no urging—kept to the road, and the cool-headed young fellow was not pitched out.

"There's a lot of 'em," he shouted in at a moment later. "I can just see four or five getting on to their horses. They've killed the driver, I guess, and are after us now."

With that he gathered up the long-lashed whip, which lay in the boot, and dropping upon his knees, began yelling and laying the whip upon the team.

In a moment we were going at a fearful pace, and, despite the excitement and fright of the moment, I noticed that our four horses came to hand and ran with a steady, even gait, which did credit to the young man's driving.

"Get ready for 'em now," he screamed back at me, "they'll be down on us in a minute. Open the back flap 'n' pour it into 'em with your guns, and when they're empty get mine under the seat."

He was my captain as well as driver, and I obeyed instinctively, for I certainly had planned no form of defence or action.

I managed to unbutton and roll up the leather behind, and peering out on my knees before the back seat, I saw that we were indistinguishably dimly at 100 yards, and there were at least five horsemen in our rear, tearing along at the top of their animals' speed. Knowing that they were within rifle shot I opened fire on them over the seat. I worked the lever of my gun as rapidly as I could, but made awkward business of it. Presently I got a shell stuck, and began trying to get it out. In the meantime our pursuers were gaining with every second.

They were within fifty yards before I could get out my shell, and I was too excited to think of using another gun. Suddenly the light in the hack went out, and a hand upon my shoulder jerked me backward. Then a voice yelled in my ear:

"Let me get at them! Load the guns for me 'n' let the team go. We might as well smash as be ridden with bullets. Here—here's two boxes of cartridges."

I dropped back to the other seat and gave place to him. He threw his carbine over the back of the hind seat and began firing. Crack! crack! crack! It seemed to me that a steady stream of fire poured out of the back of the stage, and before I had filled the magazine of my gun his was empty. He snatched mine, however, and thrust his own back to me.

Loading was awkward business at first, as I had to feel for the feeder; but I managed soon to thrust into my gun as fast as he could work the lever of his own. The men, whoever and whatever they were, rode up to within twenty feet or thirty yards, and spreading out, opened fire on us.

"Keep close down on the bottom!" shouted my comrade as he kept on with his firing.

The "road agents" did not come nearer, evidently fearing too great exposure to the stream of shots from the hack, and my courage rose to something near the level of my companion's. I caught glimpses, as I glanced up now and then, of a plunging horseman with shadowy, outstretched arms, from which flashed blaze after blaze of light.

All at once we began descending into a gully, and the hack bounced from side to side so violently that it was impossible for us to do anything but cling to the sides of the box.

"It's all right," rang my companion's voice in my ear, shortly after we began the descent; "they've quit. They can't ride along the side of the gully, and aren't follow straight behind. There's a stage ranch below, too. I remember the road."

Sure enough, the men had dropped back, and the shots had ceased. My cool, brave comrade now clambered over me, and in some way got into the front seat of the jumping coach. A moment and the horses were running merrily steadily. Five minutes more and we halted, what was left of us, safe and sound in front of the stage station.

Our story was soon told, our horses exchanged, and a fresh driver, double armed, put with us. Such little accidents did not stop stages in those parts.

There was no danger, they told us, from the same gang. The three men who were left promised to go immediately and look after our only driver.

It was only the darkness and the motion of the vehicle and horses that had saved us from being hit. We found several bullet marks about the coach next morning. One of them, well aimed, had gone through the back seat at an angle and into the front, and might have passed directly between us. My respect for my young comrade was greatly raised by the events of that night, and was further increased by an after acquaintance which discovered his real modesty and worth.

On my return to the "Hills" I learned that our driver had been picked up at the crossing of the creek badly wounded, and also that the brave fellow had yelled to the team to go the very second he was hit. He had been carried to Sidney. As to the rheumatic old man, he was, of course, a racial in league with the band who attacked us.

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